THE
NATION

AUGUST 29, 1959 . . 25c

THE INEVITABLE FOUR-DAY WEEK

Edward W. Ziegler

'WON'T DO' DEMOCRATS

Robert G. Spivack

TWO FACES OF FRANCE

Alexander Werth

THE CRYSTAL PALACE FORSAKEN

Alan Harrington

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LETTERS

Atomic Waste

Dear Sirs: I read with great interest Gerald McCourt's article, "Test Case on Atomic Waste," in your August 1 issue. Since we have not yet discovered adequate means for making atomic wastes safe in the sense that they may be neutralized and discarded anywhere, it is essential to welfare that their disposition be handled with every possible safeguard. I believe that some of the safeguards should be written into law, because everyone agrees that there are some types of disposition which would be dangerous or potentially dangerous to mankind. These types should be prohibited by law. Congressman Clark Thompson of Texas and I have introduced legislation which sets out certain requirements with regard to the disposition of atomic wastes in the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean. We are hopeful that Congress may report these bills, or some modification of them, to establish minimum requirements for the safety of mankind in the disposition of atomic wastes.

CHARLES E. BENNETT
Member of Congress (Florida)
Washington, D.C.

Rovere on McCarthy

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on Mr. Dangerfield's review of Rovere's book on McCarthy [*The Nation*, August 1]....

The writer of the review properly describes the schizophrenic nature of the book. I like the idea of Rovere (A) and Rovere (B)! Mr. Rovere's assertion that McCarthy "was in many ways the most gifted demagogue ever bred on these shores" is preposterous. I think I had him in perspective in a piece I wrote for the *British Fortnightly* along in 1953 or 1954.

Rovere hasn't done all his homework. He is wholly inaccurate when he attributes my defeat in Connecticut in 1952 to McCarthy. The most casual review would have shown that I was defeated only by 88,000 while Governor Stevenson lost by 129,000—and that I was one of only eleven Senators in the United States, of thirty-five running on the Democratic ticket, who ran ahead of Governor Stevenson. McCarthy's speeches against me actually helped me raise a lot of money.

Rovere had one very good phrase. He called McCarthy "a frivolous demagogue." This was Rovere (A). This sort of phrase ties in well with the quotation which Mr. Dangerfield picked up with approval: that McCarthy "lacked the most necessary and awesome of demagogic gifts—a belief in the sacredness of his own mission.... If a man has no convictions, he can scarcely draw courage from them."

WILLIAM BENTON
Southport, Conn.

Dear Sirs: In his review, Mr. Dangerfield has utterly mistaken the widespread public adulation of McCarthy, as pictured by the author, for the author's own feelings. . . . Dangerfield dislikes Rovere's description of the Senator as "most gifted demagogue," "surer," "swifter," "towering," "classic." But the fact remains that for five years this demagogue without an idea controlled our government. He insulted both Truman and Ike, and also Army generals. By 1952, he was personally responsible for the defeat of such outstanding Senators as Tydings, Scott Lucas, William Benton and McFarland. His fellow Senators were scared stiff of him. Only one Senator, William Fulbright of Arkansas, voted against an appropriation for his subcommittee in 1952.

Dangerfield believes all McCarthy's influence died with him. But the Senator's influence is still imprinted on our foreign policy. He was a godsend to Chiang Kai-shek. Go into a grocery store, and you'll find Russian tea re-christened Bouquet of Spice Tea. Mention McCarthy's name, and you will be alarmed to hear people say, "Old Joe certainly did a lot of good." . . . *Senator Joe McCarthy* is the best American satire in years.

WILLIAM J. B. ADAMS
Beaumont, Tex.

Hospital Trustees

Dear Sirs: In "Why Hospitals Exploit Labor," in your July 4 issue, Mr. Kirstein does his best to act as apologist for a gang of union-busters and labor exploiters. My belief is that the voluntary-hospital trustees—by and large the same individuals who control our industries, banks and insurance companies—acted in character when they fought the organization of the hospital workers.... They felt they were behind the shield of public sympathy for the patients and they counted on this to prevent their losing out to the workers as they had done in their private businesses.

Mr. Kirstein did raise a valid point: that the trustees' set-up in the voluntary hospitals, by which wealthy individuals perpetuate their control, is not a desirable one. There is question whether philanthrophy has any positive role to play in hospitals. The community might better be served by providing for direct federal and state subsidies to hospitals.

LEON J. DAVIS
President, Local 1199
Retail Drug Employees Union
New York City

Freedom on TV

Dear Sirs: Section 315 of the Federal Communications Act requires that a radio or TV station which permits a political candidate to use its facilities must

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1959
VOLUME 189, No. 5

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Labor Myth

The most carefully cultivated American myth to gain acceptance in the postwar years is that labor is too powerful — more powerful than management, more powerful even than government. Not only do 95 per cent of the country's editorials repeat this N.A.M. and Chamber of Commerce refrain, but the pronouncements of spokesmen for organized labor tend to lend it credence. From local political issues to foreign policy, labor statesmen stipulate what will and will not be tolerated. The campaign contributions which COPE grants to friendly legislators are widely publicized, and the cartoonists have a field day with caricatures of menacing labor dictators.

The vote in the House on the Landrum-Griffin bill should dispel that segment of the myth regarding labor's political power. It was not only the traditional coalition of Southern Democrats and right-wing Republicans that created the majority. It was the COPE-supported deserters as well, who heard with crystal clarity the swelling myth-chorus of their constituents and voted for what Mr. Meany termed the "killer" bill.

And the continuing steel strike in the midst of the nation's greatest period of prosperity should explode the "economic power" aspect of the myth. Anyone naive enough to believe that this sad strike is an example of ruthless labor forcing helpless management to its knees is sadly misinformed.

None the less, the myth will not die no matter what new restrictive labor legislation is added to the Taft-Hartley Act. It will be as carefully cultivated as before. But labor spokesmen, at least, should stop swelling the phony chorus. Labor has less power today, economically and politically than it has had at any time in the last fifteen years, and labor's own interests would be served if its leaders would now admit the fact.

The Munitions Probe We Haven't Had

"From a public relations viewpoint," writes *Business Week* for August 15, "the last couple of months have been a nightmare for the industrial giants who produce for the Pentagon." But while the House Armed Services subcommittee has unearthed considerable information of potential value to taxpayers and legislators, it has so far only skimmed the surface of a very lively subject. The giants should really have more fortitude in facing life's inevitable ills. For example, George M. Bunker, board chairman of the Martin Company ($800 million in defense contracts), having revealed that his firm flew high-ranking military officers to the Bahamas for week-end parties, denied that this lavish hospitality had any connection with sales. Former Secretary of the Navy Dan A. Kimball, now president of Aerojet-General ($317 million in defense contracts), questioned about the fact that twenty-six former military officers or civil-defense officials employed by his company gave identical answers to two questions on a Congressional questionnaire, was righteously indignant. But so were the Apalachian gangsters who similarly sought refuge in uniformity, except that the gangsters at least spoke with their own mouths, while most of Aerojet's answers were typed on the same typewriter. (One answer read: "I did not charge my memory with either the specifics of such talks [with military leaders], the identity of the personnel nor the precise time thereof."

The diverting features of the inquiry into individual ex-officers being conceded, it might be well for the Armed Forces subcommittee to investigate the doings and spendings of industry groups and the associations of Air Force, Army and Navy officers and ex-officers which are forever springing to the defense of their respective services. These associations are no doubt concerned with the defense of the beloved country, but they also appear to be weighted with executives of the companies which are making money out of that defense. Officials and records should be subpoenaed. By all means let the nightmares of the arms-makers continue; if they sleep well, the country will be worse off.

Atomic Togetherness

At three o'clock in the afternoon on August 18 electric power failed in a five-square-mile area of upper Manhattan, and was not restored until about 11 P.M. in some sections and 4 A.M. in others. Half a million New Yorkers suffered the tortures of an evening without television and worried about the food in the refrigerator. The newspapers, however, considered that their lives had been "disrupted" and even the unsensational *Times* gave the incident an eight-column, three-line streamer.

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Typographically, it looked more like the outbreak of a nuclear war than a power failure, except, of course, that in the latter case the *Times* would not have published and the failure might well have been permanent.

Nevertheless, the incident had its pleasant features. With no traffic lights for dynamic motorists to jump, there were scarcely any automobile accidents, and the city's muggers chivalrously refrained from their usual garrotings and murders. Perhaps the explanation of their restraint is that a few days earlier the whole country had been apprised of the experiment of a heroic New Jersey family which, under the auspices of Princeton University and the Federal Office of Civil Defense, had voluntarily foregone the amenities of civilization to live for two weeks in a 72-square-foot atom-bomb shelter. Although the place didn't smell very good and it took an hour and a half to heat a can of spaghetti, the parents found the experience "very beneficial," with the family united as never before. It all made fine publicity for the family-size shelters Governor Rockefeller has been promoting, and made one wonder why the Governor let such a marvelous publicity idea get away from him. As for the sacrificial family, it may be further rewarded, for the father turned out to be a part-time building contractor. Anyway, the behavior of both the Jerseyites and the New Yorkers under stress testifies to the unimpaired strength of the American character, with only one reservation: they all knew they would be returning to God's gifts and those of the appliance makers. In an atomic war it would be different.

The Irrelevant Mitchell Report

Secretary of Labor Mitchell's statistical report on wages and profits in the steel industry is bureaucratic writing at its best: clear, complete and of a vast and comprehensive innocuousness. It contains so much that means so little that both steel management and labor have been able to seize upon it gleefully as final proof of their respective (and directly contradictory) points of view. But the report was not only innocuous; it was also, considering that the primary purpose of its publication was to shorten the steel strike, totally irrelevant. For there isn't a polished fact in the lengthy document which hasn't been available to both sides for months; and if these facts have not led to a settlement up to now, why should a compendium of them, under the government's imprimatur, do so now? (Indeed, aside from carrying out decimal points, the report adds little even to the public's knowledge. Who didn't know that steelworkers are well paid, relative to other workers, and that steel has been making enormous profits? See "The Consumer in the Steel Vise," by Eugene Havas, *The Nation,* June 6, 1959.)

The report was irrelevant because the real issue in the steel strike is not the wage rate, on which a compromise could have been reached long ago, but the industry's determination to recapture from the union the control of working conditions — in other words, to set the clock back on the labor movement. According to *The New York Times*, at least one reporter, questioning the Secretary after the report had been released, sensed this:

> Secretary Mitchell was asked when he would make public the facts on the strike issue of work rules. . . . He said: "I'll be happy to make those public the day the strike is settled," asserting that they were matters for the parties to settle among themselves.

It must have taken superhuman effort by the authors of the report, considering the time and sweat they expended on their work, to have avoided so adroitly the main issue. But they managed it. Just as they managed to avoid discussion of another significant point brought out in the *Times* dispatch:

> [The Secretary] was asked whether the strike did not simply consolidate the idle time that would occur piecemeal through the year if there were no strike. He agreed that in the past steel strikes had hardly been discernible in the figures on total annual production, but he asserted, "I wouldn't say the purpose of the strike was to consolidate idle time."

Whatever the purpose, that is precisely the effect.

Two-Way Ice

Reports, which a diligent sleuth could probably trace to the Department of the Navy and one of its principal suppliers, have to do with a wonderfully efficacious way of dealing with the beastly Muscovites who threaten the peace-loving nations of the West. It has been demonstrated that American nuclear-powered submarines can cruise under the polar ice cap. Once in open water, they can then fire their medium-range Polaris missiles at strategic Russian targets. The Polaris itself, although an untested weapon, will hopefully provide the necessary accuracy and kill capacity to win the war thus envisioned. Implicit in the argument is the superiority of the missile-firing submarine to the cognate lethal mechanisms sponsored by the Army and Air Force. One technical point which is emphasized is that under the ice the submarine is radar-proof. Thus ice, thick, all-year-round ice, becomes one of Divine Providence's devices for the undoing of the agents of atheistic communism.

It is not quite that simple, however. From London, under date of August 18, comes an A.P. report of a Moscow report that "missile-bearing Soviet submarines could enter Hudson Bay from under the Arctic ice and bombard the industrial heart of America." The warning was printed in the naval newspaper *Sovietsky Flot*, which added that "those people with a taste for aggression should remember the Arctic Ocean is not a

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United States inland lake." Unfortunately there is no international patent convention or tribunal preventing *Sovietsky Flot* from stealing American ideas. They just turn them about and point them at us, and unhappily their submarines will be as radar-proof under the ice as ours, and as invisible from the skies. It is also well known, as *Sovietsky Flot* would put it, that sonar, or acoustic detection and ranging, does work under the ice, no doubt with some allowances for reflections from the under side. It will work as well against the Soviet sub fleet as for it. Submarine will be pitted against submarine, en route to Hudson Bay or the Barents Sea, as the case may be, and if somebody should find an urgent need to surface in consequence of such operations, it is unlikely that Providence will open a hole in the ice.

The South That Nobody Knows

Recently the Florida House of Representatives appropriated a $500,000 publicity and advertising fund to sell the Southern way of life to the North. Whomever the Florida Representatives think they represent, clearly they don't represent Mr. Bill Baggs, columnist of the Miami *News*, who wrote in his newspaper:

> There will be told in this ad crusade what is identified as "the true story" of the progress of the Negro in the good old Southern way. . . . And what is the progress of the Negro? He is by the dictates of custom a second-class citizen and in some counties of this state he is likely to get bashed in the head if he tries to vote. Generally, his schools are poor. He lives in a slum and the people who own the slum will call you a Communist if you call the slum a slum.
>
> How do you make this smell good?
>
> But, let us cast our imagination out in the moonlight and think that great progress has attended the Negro down South. . . . The fact remains no matter how progressive and happy the situation is, it is also illegal. At the moment, the spirit of the law has been declared by the Supreme Court and we are on the other side of the law.
>
> Do you go advertise this to the Northern states? What do you say, "Well, folks, it ain't exactly legal, but it sure is nice"?

We respectfully suggest that the Florida legislators award the $500,000 advertising account to Mr. Baggs.

The Lesson of Laos

Things are never as simple as newspaper reports are prone to make out, and the aggression *cum* civil war in the northern Laotian jungle is no exception. (For instance: Moscow and Peking charge, and the U.S. denies, that we have military bases in Laos. But France has an air base there; we are allied to France through SEATO; SEATO is pledged to the defense of Laos: if things get really hot, does anyone imagine that the French will keep us off their air base? *Quad erat demonstrandum*, as the mistrustful Communists are undoubtedly thinking.) Anyway, whatever the rights and wrongs of the immediate crisis, there is a larger issue involved which has come up before, and will come up again. If the billions we are spending on nuclear armaments, plus the combined might of SEATO (comprising seven countries with a combined population of more than 400 million people), are insufficient as a threat to dissuade North Vietnam (population 13,000,000) from sending a few hundred guerrilla fighters into the Laotian jungle, what good is the theory of deterrence upon which so much of our foreign policy is based?

The world could do with a little less deterrence and a little more concurrence. But in unstable, complex Southeast Asia, there is no way of reaching meaningful agreements except with the participation of Red China. The lesson of Laos is that there can be no stability on China's borders until the United States recognizes Peking and is prepared to deal with it on realistic terms.

'WON'T DO' DEMOCRATS . . *by Robert G. Spivack*

EVERY PRACTICAL American politician understands that the way the "great game" is played in this country, each party is bound to have its ups and downs. But the rapidity of public disenchantment with Congressional Democrats since the party's impressive showing at the polls barely a year ago ranks as something of a political phenomenon. Except for Senator Eugene McCarthy (Minn.), Congressman Chester Bowles (Conn.) and one or two others, few new Democratic members in either house have said or done much to distinguish themselves. The Old Guard, led by Senator Lyndon Johnson and Speaker Sam Rayburn, still sets the tone and the pace. It is a muffled tone and a snail pace. There is virtually no movement and certainly no sense of direction.

Johnson covers up his reluctance to maintain an aggressive, critical attitude toward the Eisenhower Administration by insisting that he leads a "responsible" opposition. This may sound good in Texas, where the right-wing oil-and-gas barons apparently must be appeased; elsewhere, it has a hollow ring. The Senate Majority Leader, who often talks and acts as if he were the nonparti-

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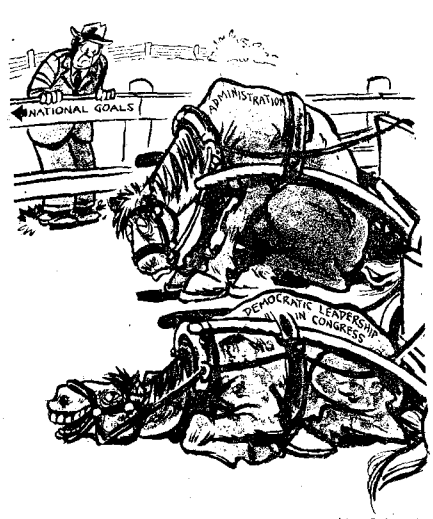
san leader of the entire Senate, including the Republicans, insists he does not want to "play politics" or create issues where they do not exist. The Republicans, of course, are not taken in by this. They still speak of Johnson's "Napoleonic retreat" from previously enunciated Democratic policies. Thruston Morton, the GOP National Chairman, has labeled the Eighty-sixth the "won't do" Congress. He gives the term a double meaning: it "won't do" for the country because it "won't do" anything. One writer, comparing the Eisenhower and Johnson-Rayburn approaches to national affairs, describes the present calm as a "collision of planned drift and masterly inactivity."

As the Democrats look to 1960, this legislative stand-still compounds what, for party workers outside Congress, already looks like a pretty tough set of problems. The Democratic dilemma can be summed up in this way: too many candidates, too few issues and — despite the current Nixon headlines — too much Rockefeller.

The Democratic Congressional leadership suffers from hardening of the political arteries. Rayburn has been around too long; Johnson gets around too little (not because of his cardiac condition, but because his world revolves around Washington and Texas). Aside from failure to hold party caucuses, Johnson encourages no free flow of ideas. He himself, in consultation with a few intimates, decides at the outset what the "party line" will be for the session. He adheres to it rigidly. Like most political bosses, both Mr. Sam and "LBJ" are preoccupied with problems involving special-interest legislation. They consider it a sign of broadmindedness that they do not limit their favors to oil millionaires; almost all other lobbyists are welcome — munitions, real-estate, aircraft, banks, insurance and broadcasting. The "unwelcome" sign is up only for civil-rights advocates, who are always told to be "happy with what you can get" and to remember that "half a loaf is better than no bread at all."



"Look — I'm Ahead!"

IT IS this sense of anti-climax, this failure to live up to the voters' high expectations, that persuaded Democratic National Chairman Paul M. Butler to voice his mild complaints about the way things were going. Butler, unlike his critics, had been traveling about the country and what he heard did not please him. It is his job to create a victory atmosphere for his party. But after he had said his say, he received little support from influential Democrats in or out of Congress. None of his associates on the Democratic Advisory Council said a word in his behalf and finally he felt impelled to arrange uneasy truce terms with Rayburn and Johnson.

In the Washington bureau of the *New York Post*, we polled the entire Democratic membership of both houses to see how many agreed with Butler's gentle rebuke to the Texas leadership and how many felt the party was living up to its 1956 platform. The response was both fierce and defensive.

Actually Butler had only said this:

> . . . I am inclined to believe that we won in 1958 not so much because of public satisfaction with the record of the Democratic Congress in 1957 and 1958, the Eighty-fifth Congress, as we won upon a negative vote against the Administration because of the lack of positive and aggressive leadership. Now, I think the burden is upon the Democratic Party, the responsibility is upon the Democratic Congress, to show the initiative and positive progressive attitude towards legislation. Unless we do, we are going to be in a tough situation in 1960. But I have every confidence that the leadership is going to step up the pace of the legislative program. . . .

In the final tally, both Johnson and Rayburn received overwhelming votes of confidence. Butler was rebuked by many Democrats, with the Southerners especially censorious. The pro-Johnson vote was 4 to 1 and Rayburn's colleagues backed him 5½ to 1.

These results were not unexpected. But there were some aspects to the poll which revealed much more than did the statistical breakdown of the answers. A number of lawmakers called to say they regretted that we had insisted that they sign their answers. It was inexpedient, they explained, to go on record against leaders with whom they had to live and work from day to day, to whom they had to look for favors. We also learned that the party whips were urging members to answer our poll so that the results would show overwhelming support for Rayburn and Johnson.

MOST OF the "defense" of the two leaders took the form of an "offense" against Butler. His job, so the arguments went, was to "unite," rather than divide, the party; he should have voiced his criticism within party councils; publicly, he ought to be attacking Republicans. Then there were many who said the President had paralyzed Congress by constantly threatening to veto legislation. Others expressed amazement that Johnson's willingness to cooperate with the White House — for example, in watering down the housing bill — had been rejected. Senators McClellan, Russell and Byrd made it plain they did not agree with much of the 1956 platform, so they had no complaints about Johnson's failure to carry out its provisions. Some Democrats said the platform was outmoded; others said it was never meant to be more than a catch-all for election year votes.

In a way, the dreary, apologetic responses to the *Post*'s poll help to explain the Democrats' decline. Lacking strong liberal leadership the lawmakers presented few compelling reasons why a voter should choose

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a Democrat over a "modern" Republican. They did not have much to offer.

ASIDE from the paucity of political acumen demonstrated by Johnson and Rayburn there are, in my judgment, at least three other reasons why the Democrats are in deep trouble:

1. The state of the economy. Contrary to the views expressed by some liberal writers these days, there is not a politician worth his salt who does not know that bread-and-butter issues take precedence over everything else in an election year. The receding of the recession permits the Republicans once again to use that old 1952 Democratic slogan, "You never had it so good." In 1960, they expect to campaign as the party of "peace and prosperity." It's hard to throw out the "ins" when the voters are eating regularly.

2. The loss of political initiative. During the 1958 campaign, both Nixon and Eisenhower campaigned against the "radical" Democrats. The voters would not buy that line, especially during a recession. It was the old, too extreme, Nixonism. But the day after the election, the President turned it around and said the issue was the wild "spending" proposed by the opposition. He also said, but no one paid much attention, that the 1960 campaign was beginning in 1958.

The Republicans seized the initiative and have kept it ever since. The Democrats, relaxed and self-satisfied at their lop-sided Congressional majorities, became prisoners of the "economy" issue even though they know it was patently fraudulent. Why don't they expose it? Because all insiders know that the real waste in government comes in special tax privileges, excessive and inefficient purchasing policies at the Pentagon, and sloppy administration of foreign military-aid funds. Except for men like Douglas, Clark and Proxmire, they have let the "spending" issue go by default because too many Democrats, like Republicans, have friends, relatives and political associates on the padded federal payrolls. The best-known beneficiaries of tax privileges, of course, are those who enjoy the 27½ per cent oil-depletion allowance.

The initiative was lost in other fields, too. After all the splendid research work done by the Kennedy brothers, the Administration grabbed the headlines and appears to be fighting the battle against labor racketeering. The simple fact that the Teamsters' Union and James Hoffa have fought liberal Democrats and played ball with Republicans all over the country is not even exploited by the drowsy Democrats. Other popular and important issues, from Kefauver's investigation of administered prices to the Patman and Reuss exposés of commercial-bank profiteering on the "tight money" policy, have all been downgraded by the party leadership.

3. The image of Nelson Rockefeller. Even after Nixon's triumphal tour of the Soviet Union, the Democrats still fear him far less than they do the Governor of New York. All of the better-known Democratic hopefuls, even Johnson, believe they could knock off Nixon. But Rockefeller, they acknowledge in private, could probably beat any Democrat now in the running, especially if the nation continues to remain prosperous. Then the only "issue" would be the personality of the nominee. Rockefeller, solid, warm, stable, is a reassuring public figure; Nixon, frenetic and sharp-tongued, has an unsettling effect on many people.

A year from now, all the anxieties felt by Butler and the liberal Democrats may have proved themselves unreal. The Republicans may be quarreling among themselves in a 1960 version of the old Taft-Eisenhower cleavage. One of the many Democratic candidates may have moved so far ahead that the party will unite behind him. But if this is all the Democrats are counting on, if they expect the Republicans to accommodate them by nominating Nixon, or if Nixon does not prove to be the political push-over they think he is, then their chances of recapturing the White House are not bright. If the voters want conservative Republican policies, will they vote Democratic to get them?

TWO FACES OF FRANCE . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

TWO FACES: one is that of the France of everyday life, in this case, let us say, of the life of Vignac-sur-Vézère, a town of 2,500 people in the lovely Dordogne country, where I spent several weeks, off and on, in the last couple of months. The other is the official France of the Fifth Republic. The two are very different. At Vignac, the other night, my next-door neighbor, the jovial M. Louis Fauré, who runs the Café des Sports, was telling me about the new Town Council, of which he had just become Deputy Mayor. "We've got seventeen members — twelve Radical-Socialists, two Socialists and three right-wing 'Independents'; as you know, I am a Radical, reared in the great tradition of Herriot and our famous Dordogne deputy, the late Yvon Delbos."

"What!" I said, "not a single UNR [Union pour la Nouvelle République] Gaullist on your new Town Council? One would think you were still living under the Fourth Republic!"

"Fourth?" said Fauré, "you mean *Third!*"

Life, indeed, seemed to be going on at Vignac just as it had done thirty years ago. True, many people in the town had since been active in the wartime Resistance, when there were two *maquis* in the neigh-

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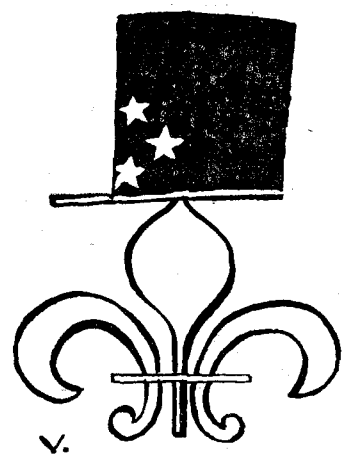
borhood. In 1944, Vignac had a Communist Mayor, now an embittered little old man, who still lives here, working as an insurance agent; in 1956, a lot of the local shopkeepers had gone Poujadist. But fundamentally this was still the old Republican France, even though as many as 76 per cent had voted for de Gaulle in last year's referendum — not, it is true, out of any great enthusiasm, but because they thought he would be "less trouble." (A squire in the town had tried, at the height of the May crisis, to start a Committee of Public Safety at Vignac, attempting to enlist the support of the four local *gendarmes*; but they told him to go and chase himself, and he's been a laughing stock of the town ever since.)

IN SHORT, the Third Republic seemed to be continuing for the tobacco-growing and pig-breeding farmers, for the makers of truffled *paté*, for the shopkeepers and artisans of Vignac-sur-Vézère. There's still among them a good deal of respect for de Gaulle; above all, "he's no great bother"; and there's even a certain admiration for his having "put the deputies in their place." "Pretty smart of him to pay them even more than the Fourth Republic paid them; in this way they'll keep quiet and give no trouble for fear of being dissolved." And some will add: "This Parliament, with its almost Fascist majority, is such a bad lot that it's just as well that de Gaulle is keeping them in order." For all their seemingly sound Republicanism, these people have a fairly strong anti-parliamentary streak and, so far, they still have a soft spot for de Gaulle — except, of course, the local Communist (and a few Socialist) railroad workers, who saw de Gaulle's requisition threat a month ago (as a result of which they called off their eight-hour protest strike) as a Fascist measure; and the schoolmasters, who fear that under the present regime the church schools will benefit at the expense of the state schools, just as they did under Vichy.

And yet doubts are beginning to spread among these ordinary people, primarily because of Algeria. Many, indeed, had hoped that de Gaulle would be able to stop the war; and now they don't think so any longer. One of the local boys had recently gone to Algeria, and has since had both hands blown off by a grenade. Other local boys were out there, too; most of them were writing about it with a good deal of loathing. But some, with the twenty-eight-month military service now in force, were being gradually conditioned by the army officers into



adopting a "commando" mentality, and were glorying in military exploits, brutality and medals. "A dangerous new generation of thugs is being brought up there," one of the schoolmasters remarked.

On the whole, however, people tend to shrug off even Algeria, as much as to say: "It's horrible; but what can *we* do about it?" And, generally, they hate the Algerians, and many have been filled with propaganda by radio and the Bordeaux papers about the "tremendous oil wealth of the Sahara which will make us independent of America."

With all this goes the gentle, easy-going life of the Third Republic. A curiously mixed and muddled mentality, but one which still assumes (and there's very little in everyday life to show that it isn't true) that French democracy is going on just as before. . . .

PARIS IS MUCH less healthy. Here people are much more conscious than the good people of Vignac-sur-Vézère of ugly things that are going on below the surface. The immensely elaborate and highly expensive celebrations of the *fête nationale* of July 14 struck almost everybody by their jarring falsity and artificiality. Somebody remarked that you could have given every child in France a free anti-polio shot for the price of the *fête*. Two notes dominated the celebrations: *grandeur* and military glory, as exemplified by the troops, planes and tanks, and (this was André Malraux's pet idea) the inept attempt, with the help of choirs, orchestras, brass bands, flags and Phrygian bonnets galore, to represent the de Gaulle regime as the heir of *"Notre Gr-r-rande Révolution"* of 1789. Among the crowds (mostly middle-class) in the Champs-Elysées and the Concorde (the East End crowds stayed in the East End, and merely did a little dancing at night in the café round the corner) a brief glimpse of de Gaulle caused a slight emotional stir; but the rest was all wrong — all the way from the chanting of Revolutionary songs of 1790 to the grim touch of the tail-end of the military parade — a tail-end which was composed (heaven knows whose macabre or tongue-in-cheek idea that was) of a dozen Black Maria police cars with barred windows.

The "anti-France" press (for that has now become an almost official term; doesn't it remind you of something?) — the press of the liberals, the left-wing intellectuals, the let's-end-the-war-in-Algeria people — has been pretty savage about it. The *Canard Enchainé* said you didn't celebrate the capture of the Bastille when all of the small and large Bastilles of France were bursting with political prisoners, and one didn't celebrate the Franco-African Community, with de Gaulle's Napoleon-like distribution of banners to various Negro prime ministers, when French Frenchmen and North African "Frenchmen" were continuing to murder and massacre each other. It was *indecent*. And *L'Express* commented on the "decay" of the Fifth Republic, a decay which had proved much more rapid than anyone could have expected a year ago.

No doubt, having been fathered by the Algiers colonels, the regime could scarcely be anything but rotten; yet there had been illusions about de Gaulle. Many had believed,

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many still believe, that his authority is supreme; and yet facts were showing that this was not so. In Madagascar he had promised that Raseta, the veteran Nationalist leader, who had been in prison in France for over ten years (ever since the iniquitous Tananarive trial of 1947) would be free to return to his homeland; on his way there, a few days later, he was taken off the plane by the French military at Jibuti and sent back to France, whether de Gaulle liked it or not. De Gaulle was against torture, yet torture continued to be practiced both in Algeria and in France itself, as could be seen from the famous *La Gangrène* case (described in *The Nation*, July 18). And whoever disbelieves Debré's story that the *La Gangrène* charges are a tissue of lies and Communist fabrications is treated as "anti-France." And, of course, the Red Hand — "red with the blood of the enemies of France" — who killed the Algerian lawyer for the tortured Algerian students is no nearer detection than were the Red Hand assassins in Tunisia and Morocco a few years ago.

Even if de Gaulle still had some illusions that he could make peace in Algeria (and a confidential government opinion poll has shown that two-thirds of France are for immediate negotiations with the FLN), he probably hasn't any more. For one thing, the French officers like it out there. The risk of being killed is small, and the pay stupendous, according to French (or any other) standards. A captain or major with a large family at home is getting as much as 350,000 frs. (over $700) a month.

ON THE FACE of it, life in France goes on pleasantly and sweetly. I don't want to make the obvious crack that tourists in Nazi Germany also found that the place was charming. There *is* a difference: here the government may be partly Fascist, but fundamentally people are wholly attached to democracy, and the regime is still hesitant to go too far, angrily denies atrocities, and claims to be in the great tradition of 1789. But ordinary people are full of little suspicions; and sometimes these come to the surface. Although the party congress last week again feebly re-elected Guy Mollet secretary-general of the Socialist Party, the delegates were very worried by the apparent helplessness of de Gaulle (from whom Mollet had expected wonders), by the gradual "fascization" of the country, by tortures, by the *gleichschaltung* of the press and radio, by the perpetuation of the Algerian war. All that Mollet's three-hour speech really amounted to was that he felt disappointed, that he distrusted Debré and Soustelle, but that the General must still be given a chance. But in private, Mollet would add: "Now there's only one chance in ten that de Gaulle will succeed — but he must be given at least that small chance."

Even inside the Gaullist UNR, with its vast over-representation at the National Assembly, something of a conflict has broken out between the relatively "liberal" and Big Business wing, led by M. Albin Chaladon, and the *ultra* wing, led by M. Soustelle and, ominously enough, supported by Premier Debré, whose "dog-like faithfulness" to the President is no longer taken as much for granted as it was a few months ago.

Can de Gaulle still break through this vicious circle surrounding him by dissolving the present National Assembly? Will the Army allow him to do it? For the Army knows that a much more left-wing parliament that a new election would inevitably produce would advocate peace in Algeria—and *that* the Army does not want. It would, among other things, ruin the chances of fascism in France.

The Crystal Palace Forsaken . . *by Alan Harrington*

Alan Harrington's description of the white-collar worker in the Elysian fields provided by the Big Corporation first appeared in The Nation *of January 11, 1958, under the title, "Life in the Crystal Palace." The article attracted attention in many quarters, including the editorial offices of publisher Knopf, and as a result it has grown into a full-size book, bearing the same title, which is scheduled to appear September 14 under the Knopf imprint.*

With the permission of author and publisher, The Nation *herewith presents the penultimate chapter of the book.—Editors.*

Copyright by Alan Harrington

AFTER MORE than three years with the company, I decided to leave the Crystal Palace. There was nothing particularly new in this. I had made the grand decision hundreds of times, and so do a great many corporation men. Our reasons for wanting to leave are an old story. We incomplete rebels feel trapped in a labyrinth of benevolence. We feel that somehow we are not fulfilling ourselves. The labyrinth is comfortable, with a row of easy chairs along the way. Music by Muzak comes out of the walls. Every year a gong rings and we advance one stage more toward retirement. Within the maze, accepting the maze, we are never in doubt which way to turn. Clearly defined arrows mark the corporate route that has been laid out for us by our superiors and by the Executive Development Committee. One has only to follow the arrows and trust to the company that what lies around the corner will be rewarding.

But these pleasing corridors are still a labyrinth in that each of us cannot find *his own* way. We can't see around corners. The arrows are company arrows, the soft chairs are company chairs, the music is company music. From time to time as we move along we come upon ticker-

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tape machines that reveal to us the impressive evidence of our net worth — in the form of savings, stock holdings and paid-up life insurance. En route we also encounter wayside zombies who have gone as far as they can go, performing the same duties over and over again. On each prematurely old face there is a patient smile. We salute them hurriedly and move on. Somewhere ahead is the room where we will come to a stop, the place without arrows where each of us meets his blank wall.

YET THE Crystal Palace labyrinth may by no stretch of the imagination be considered a prison. We see Exit signs everywhere. At any time we may open a door and leave. No barriers will be placed in our way. Are you unhappy? Just wash up, collect your savings in a lump sum, and say good-by.

Timorously the incomplete rebel thinks the matter over. He reviews his lost dreams. He vaguely regrets that he has not become the man he hoped to be. He thinks wistfully of what a pleasure it would be some day to make a decision on his own. He senses, especially if he has not progressed beyond the middle ranks, that a loss of manhood is involved here. True, he will not be blamed for it. Everyone is perfectly satisfied with him. Still, in his semi-rebellious heart he knows that he is no longer a self-directed man, and that he has abdicated a free man's estate. For he has a choice, and dares not leave the Crystal Palace.

A corporate public-relations man nods wisely to me in the press club. With an easy shrug of his shoulders, he advises: "Forget it. I felt the same way for a while, but after three years you're hooked. Believe me."

I am looking at an advertisement in a national magazine. It pictures an earnest and rather neurotic looking young man of about twenty-seven in his shirt sleeves. He sits at his desk before a pile of bills. In front of him is a book titled: *Household Budget & Expenses*. Behind his left shoulder is an artist's balloon which shows the young man's wife shoveling food into an enormously fat baby while another little one looks on. The fledgling husband's collar has been torn open; his tie is loose. Clearly he is worried, and in the headline this young American cries out: "I Want Security — Right Now!"

Such a young man, it seems to me, ought to be ashamed of himself. But perhaps he is sick — afflicted with a strange new illness that attacks mainly the young. It is a degeneration of nerve, a polio of the spirit. "Security — Right Now." At the age of twenty-seven? Fabulous. He must think that old age is an awful thing, which it can be, but have you noticed that the old men are the bold men nowadays? Cranky octogenarians speak their minds, and their naive originality makes us smile.

I remember a great old man, the art connoisseur J. B. Neumann, in the neighborhood of seventy, speaking out to a young audience at a party, and telling them passionately: "People save money against sickness, and already they are made sick by saving the money! . . . We already have as much fear as we can carry! What are we afraid of? Say to yourself: 'Nothing must be,' and then you can live."

Words from an old man — the young smile and regard him coolly. But I am boring our twenty-seven-year-old friend who wants security now. All he asks is: "Kindly take me to your Crystal Palace." Very well then, take my hand and I'll conduct you there. But don't pay too much attention to what I say, because I have made up my mind to leave. Yes, really.

The Crystal Palace's new Suggestion Box program had something to do with my decision. Most companies have programs of this kind. Perhaps because we were a headquarters unit — not a plant or laboratory — we were late in the game. The sound theory behind the Suggestion Box is that employees will frequently come up with workable cost-cutting ideas, means of achieving greater efficiency, etc., if they are given a proper outlet. The Suggestion Box enables them to get around stand-patters and pigeonholers who sit astride the usual channels and react to any new thought from below as though it were a personal affront. The Suggestion Box committee pays money for the ideas accepted by the company—although the department head involved must be consulted sooner or later, and he retains the power of rejection. (The difference is that he must place his rejection on record, in the open.) Still and all, the boxes stationed at the end of the corridors serve a good purpose.

What depressed me was that, sitting down as I did with countless annoyances and frustrations buzzing around in my head, I couldn't think of any suggestions that would have a chance of being accepted. Checking over my helpful proposals, I realized that they were all aimed in one way or another at blowing up our labyrinth. I was nothing more than a non-practicing assassin. I had missed the point of our program. The idea was to improve the administrative system in its present form, not to change the form.

SINCE ANY large recommendation would be unthinkable, I confined myself to a few small ones. Not that these were thinkable either:

1. Require that all letters (and memorandums calling for a comment or reply) be answered within a certain time limit.

2. Require that action be taken on any project within a certain time limit. Or if no move has been made, administrators should explain why, and signify on what date they intend to begin acting on the matter.

3. Require that each member of a committee working on a project be identified. Also let his specific area of responsibility be defined. If a member of the committee has initiated an idea or policy, name him. Also name those who have been charged with carrying out programs. Name those who have succeeded; name those who have failed. Do not permit the group to spread responsibility. Let the committee function in time-honored fashion as a group, but at all times cite individual performance within the group. This may be done without editorializing. Simply say: "Smith was in charge of this. It has been completed with the following results." Or: "Jones was in charge of this. It has not been completed, he explains, due to . . ."

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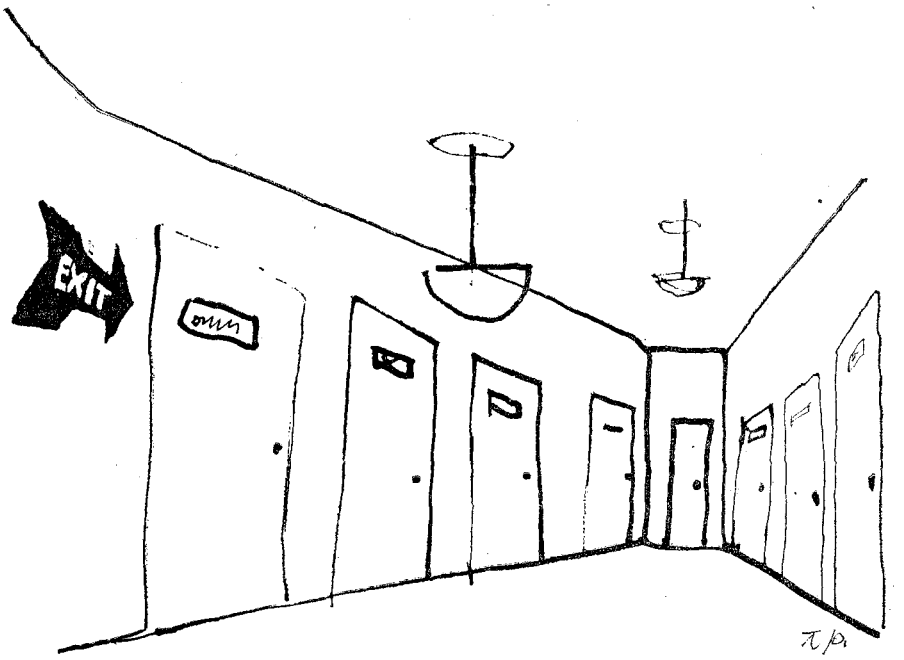
4. Establish the equivalent of the Army's Inspector General (IG) system, with proper civilian restraints and modifications. Let an outside board of auditors (paid by the company but not members of the company) sit in judgment of the Crystal Palace's administrative practices. This outside board would receive copies of all major correspondence. It would evaluate performance on the basis of correspondence and whatever other information the company chose to provide.

Members of this board would serve for a stated period of one, two, or three years, not longer. They would have the function of shareholders' representatives, but they would not have a vested interest in the palace. That is, they would never join the company or hold shares in it. These inspectors would report annually to management and to shareholders on the state of our corporate administration. In addition, upon retiring the members would file a farewell report. Their findings would be purely advisory (but on the record); they would have no power of decision.

I showed this four-point dream to a number of my colleagues who found much to approve in it. They assumed, of course, that I wasn't serious. That's right, I thought, I'm not. I brooded at my desk, a thoroughly tamed playboy. Spiritually, my net worth was zero. A corporate version of the village atheist, the incomplete palace rebel is a cracker-barrel failure who drinks martinis instead of cider. The Exit doors opening out of our labyrinth were unlocked. Not quite, quite yet, daring to open them, I determined that the next best thing to do would be to toss a note over the wall in the hope that some passer-by might pick it up and report me.

The note took the form of an article in a magazine, the first chapter of this book, and it was called "Life in the Crystal Palace." It is not even possible to claim that the incomplete rebel initiated this, for a friend, novelist Herbert Gold, suggested to Carey McWilliams, editor of *The Nation,* who was interested in such an article, that I might write it for him.

The circumstances surrounding the publication of a magazine piece are of no great importance, I realize.



They are noted here simply to indicate how a man who thinks of himself, hurrah, as an individualist, and lets it go at that for a number of years, can shilly-shally and rationalize when he is faced with a small, very small challenge. True, few of us in America write and sign articles containing critical references to our employers while we are still on the payroll — even if the company isn't identified. No one, after all, really wants to be fired unless he can afford it. On the other hand, in the past two decades people all over the world have risked immediate death in order to print newspapers and handbills.

THE PROBLEM of the incomplete rebel in the United States is, therefore, schoolboyish in comparison. How can you begin to compare possibly being fired in a plentiful economy and being killed? We haven't lived through that. Since we haven't, our context is different. Our reference point, small as it may be, is that of losing one's job, and the rebel's fear of it.

Prolonged association with the Crystal Palace tends to make men sluggish and fearful of the outside. Then there are the convenient and permissible excuses not to speak up. We have obligations to wives, ex-wives, children and all that. "Well, if I were on my own I wouldn't hesitate, but . . ." I am ashamed of the way I backed and filled for several weeks before letting the article be published.

I thought: "If you claim to be unhappy on a job, you should either get out or try to change things. Above all, if you feel like doing something about it, and you back down because of timidity, that's fine — people will understand — but thereafter don't pretend to be a free spirit, because you're not." (I also felt, naively as it turned out, that no one in the Crystal Palace would be reading this particular magazine anyhow.)

There was timidity, and something else — a feeling of guilt, that the writer might be doing an injury to the corporation which has always, to the best of its ability, treated him well. It may seem strange that a person can feel guilty toward a corporation, but he can. Although (rationalization again) the article would give the magazine's readers a far more favorable picture of the company than they might have anticipated, still it was inconsistent, it was perhaps disloyal, to say a word against the Crystal Palace while one was accepting its benefits. This molehill of a problem will seem pretty stupid to most people, I am afraid, unless they have worked for years in a palace. But I felt impotent, intellectually and morally smothered, and kept from the truth, by the organization's decency to me.

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In the small context of this adventure it was exciting to observe the penetration of The Word into the Crystal Palace. The invasion of these few pages of print into our building could have been plotted with pins, like the movement of troops on a military map. The printed word has such a fascinating, runaway force behind it when it breaks loose within closed-off surroundings. Print something that relates to a group of people who read about their activities only in the mealy columns of house organs like the *Palace Voice*, and The Word runs wild. After the initial penetration all bets are off. The outlaw pages spread like the plague. Whether the message is good or bad, friendly or unfriendly, if it purports to be the truth it will be read.

So far as I know one reader started it. He was curiously enough not one of our employees. By chance he was an influential figure outside the palace whose opinions are greatly respected by management. He was closely associated with the company and thought he recognized in the text a certain resemblance. He found the article interesting, and passed it, you might say, diagonally down to our board of directors with a comment that was not unfavorable. Meanwhile it also came into the possession of another executive at the palace, his secretary read it, and the news started on its way.

Within a few days, with the aid of duplicating machines, copies were all over the building. The reception was so good (from my point of view) and given with such a full heart, that I wanted to sing above the Muzak, not only for myself but for everybody. Friends remained friends, and were not reluctant to pound the writer on the back and congratulate him. Dozens of people phoned, and many more, some of whom I barely knew by sight, stopped me in the corridor to say hello and thank you. One surprising older lady, whom everyone assumes to be the most orthodox of company girls, actually took me in her arms in a corner. Her eyes were flashing and she said: "Oh, Lordy, if I could be young again how differently I'd arrange my life!"

IN GENERAL, the reaction to the piece was strongly favorable in the lower and middle ranks, and less so upward through the higher echelons. But a number of high-level executives, too, communicated to me their restrained and limited approval. In all honesty, and without vanity, I must say that there was a feeling of something like gratitude in the air. It is so easy to underestimate people and generalize about them in airy fashion, to say that they are hiding from life, and that their souls are dead. Perhaps we are hiding from life at the Crystal Palace, but I don't think we want to. I think we have been hoaxed into it, and entered, slipped without realizing what we were doing, into a boring paradise. Even so, in many of us, the lively spirit is not dead but drowsing. I know from this one small experience with an article that when the intruder comes, the itinerant newsboy with doubt for sale, we gather around him; we are excited, and interested in what he has to say. Not all the party-line mush we read in the *Palace Voice* can change that.

Also it would seem from this incident, although it can't be proved, that *something is wrong* with the way our lives are arranged at the palace. Otherwise the reaction to a relatively obscure magazine piece would not have been as strong as it was. People don't fake an explosive response like that.

Deep within many of us, I imagine, lies the desire to enjoy a slight martyrdom — one that does not hurt too much, and is not too permanent. Perhaps for this reason I was quite annoyed with management for not firing me. This was carrying decency and liberalism too far. I would have fired me, out of hand. But management was correct, I see now, in permitting the malcontent to go of his own accord. His position was clearly untenable. He would rightly never be trusted again, and have not the slightest reason to expect advancement. Several months later I applied for and received a writing followship and handed in my resignation.

The Inevitable Four-Day Week . . *by Edward W. Ziegler*

A NATION rich beyond all precedent comes to a fork in the gold-paved road: will Americans grasp for more money or more leisure? In a land where everything seems possible, it is likely that we'll grasp for both—higher wages and a shorter work week.

The forces that today enable 200,000 miners to produce more coal than 700,000 used to produce make the four-day week a fast-approaching certainty. Vice President Nixon, in the 1956 campaign, prophesied that all Americans would be working the four-day week in the "not too distant future." Coming from him, the idea immediately became respectable. In response to Nixon, U.A.W. president Walter Reuther said 1958 would see the "first . . . step toward achievement of the four-day week. . . ." But 1958 was a dismal time for auto manufacturers and workers. It was not to be the year. When then?

Management consultant Eugene Benge of Asheville, N.C., has said: "The four-day week will become a reality, for millions of workers in automated industries, probably by 1962." He added that other workers — notably in the service and retail trades — "may not see the four-day week until 1970."

Almost no one will say flatly that the shorter work week will never come. The steady increase in Amer-

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ican productivity provides testimony too persuasive to ignore. Yet even productivity isn't the whole story. There are two other major aspects to the problem: technological unemployment, which makes the shorter work week desirable; and rising manufacturing costs, which make it unattractive to industry. In the long run, a reluctant industry, unwilling to spread the work, will soon find that its own best interests will be served by shortening the work week. And then may come a revolution as far-reaching as that caused by the automobile.

Productivity is usually defined as the total value added to raw materials by manufacture, divided by the total man-hours (with dollar figures corrected for inflation). Despite this standard definition, the people who talk most about productivity are forever tampering with the figures. Both management and labor use the figures to prove whatever suits their purposes. For example:

¶ *Wages have risen faster than productivity.*

¶ *Wages have lagged behind productivity.*

¶ *Rising productivity is creating new demands for labor.*

¶ *Rising productivity is shrinking the demand for labor.*

Each of these conclusions is adduced in any discussion of the four-day week by both labor and management. Supporting evidence for every one has been dredged up, but the evidence proves nothing, really, except that management has made off with the fruits of increased productivity in some years, labor in others.

The National Bureau of Economic Research recently published an analysis of productivity changes. Among the most significant conclusions was that output per man-hour has been rising at a high rate. For the twelve-year period 1945-57, the rate was 3.3 per cent a year, compared with 2.4 per cent annually for the past sixty years. Every worker today produces five times more than his grandfather did in 1880. But it is only since World War II that perfected statistics have made available the output-per-man-hour figures that today go to the heart of the four-day week controversy. The figures indicate that productivity and wages tend to seesaw from year to year: productivity improves more than wages in bad years; wages improve more than productivity in good years.

Industry feels increasing pressure to refine and specialize its production facilities to increase productivity. In the process, low-skill jobs vanish and high-skill jobs tend to increase. Machinists, toolmakers, engineers of all kinds — men with training — can usually find jobs. This is of no comfort to unskilled workers like the 300,000 who have dropped off the U.A.W. roll in recent years. Without a skill you just can't be an auto worker any more. The spectacle of Kentucky miners going to work at non-union mines armed with shotguns to fight the union that made them dispensable is another symptom of the shrinking job market for the unskilled.

Part of the solution lies in the rapidly expanding service industries, which have been taking up the labor slack for forty years. According to Department of Labor figures, in 1919 there were twenty-five million "goods producing" workers in this country; today, the figure is just about the same. On the other hand, service employees have grown in number from only fifteen million in 1919 to over thirty million today. Today's factory hand is a member of a rapidly shrinking minority of about 16.5 million workers.

GIVEN THE rapid rise in productivity and the changing nature of the labor force, the four-day week seems inevitable if only to give consumers another eight hours in which to consume, and to spur the service industries onward by the same measure. Our increasing capacity to produce goods of all kinds threatens to run away from markets rich enough to buy the goods. American steel mills can produce a year's supply of steel in nine months. Industry can disgorge such a flood of goods that there is a possibility of producing ourselves right into the poorhouse.

Under these conditions, it would seem reasonable to expect industry to grant the four-day week. But to boost productivity, industry has to increase capital outlay for better machines. To recover the investment quickly, management will often run the new machines more hours than the old. To reduce the work week while running the machines more hours would mean increased recruitment and training of labor, greater fringe benefits, more overtime (or second-shift) costs. All add up to a higher labor bill, and that is just where industrial cost-reduction activity is concentrated. Labor already accounts for from 35 to 55 cents of the cost dollar, and management will oppose any move that will tend to increase the percentage.

FROM HERE on, the story becomes still more complex. Excessive manufacturing costs, expensive labor and "moonlighting" are just three of the problems.

Manufacturing costs have been under "cost push" pressure ever since the pent-up demands of the early postwar years were satisfied. Rising costs in those days were the result of too much money chasing too few goods. That explanation no longer holds, yet the "cost push" persists, and some economists now argue that it is inherent in an expanding economy. The "cost push" seems to have abated only during the 1949-50 and 1953-54 recessions. (As economist Gardiner Means has pointed out, the 1957-58 recession marked the repeal of the law of supply and demand. The "cost push" continued right on through it.)

At any rate, it has become fearfully expensive to equip and main-

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tain a factory. The National Industrial Conference Board estimates that industry has invested $16,000 in capital equipment for each worker it employs. A single room full of computers costing $1,000,000 may require the full-time services of three resident engineers to pamper, console and adjust them. The computers control production, scheduling, inventory, accounts receivable, quality — just about everything except the engineers themselves. *They* are controlled by a diffident vice president.

Men, like machines, are becoming more carefully utilized as a consequence of their rising dollar value. Happily, economic necessity has led industry to honor the humanitarian values that have now nearly effaced the "dark, satanic mills" of the eighteenth, nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Typical of industry's new attitude is the widely admired approach of Rensis Likert of the University of Michigan. Likert holds that human resources must be maintained and operated with as much diligence as the most intricate tape-controlled milling machine. A further example: General Electric lumped all its "relations" staff services into a separate department last May, with a new vice president to oversee its operations. Said G. E.: "The department will concentrate on 'one of the most demanding and potentially productive frontiers in the business world.'" Falling into its jurisdiction are behavioral research, public affairs, union relations, employee relations and personnel development and education. G. E.'s main purpose in reorganizing its human relations is to find out "what it is that motivates people . . . to do a better job."

It hasn't always been a calamity if a low-paid man failed to produce at top efficiency. But today it is intolerably expensive to have low efficiency from men who are now highly paid workers.

But paradoxically, the more highly skilled workers (as well as most managers) can get away with doing far less than five days' work in five days' time. For that reason, one can argue that the four-day week is already here for many Americans. There is widespread overstaffing, talent-hoarding and duplication of functions among skilled workers and managers. One explanation, of course, is that this is one way for a company to keep its competitors from getting richer in skilled manpower. Another interesting argument runs like this: Industry is defensive about its exorbitant profits, and feels stigmatized when it returns a high net profit. Therefore there is padding of personnel, particularly on high-skill levels. These additional, expensive workers and managers absorb most of the excess profit. In the most prosperous industries, managerial costs are rarely trimmed except in the most abysmal of depressions. The argument catches at least the outside corner of truth.

What it seems to boil down to is this: today the skilled are aligned against the unskilled. The four-day week could come tomorrow. But it won't. Industry does not willingly surrender its prerogatives. It took the Great Depression to bring the five-day week. But the cold realities may soon change the attitude of the skilled oligarchs in labor and in management.

ONE MORE problem must still be skirted. It is the growing practice of "moonlighting" — holding two jobs at the same time. At a conference of the New York School of Industrial and Labor Relations in April of 1958, a discussion of a shorter work week drifted into talk about dual job-holding. It was reported that among Akron's tire workers (who now work a thirty-six-hour week), 10 per cent have second jobs, and another 30 per cent have part-time jobs [see "Less Work — Less Leisure," by Harvey Swados, *The Nation*, Feb. 22, 1958]. A National Industrial Conference Board survey has revealed that 25 per cent of production workers and 50 per cent of highly skilled workers in heavy industry have two jobs. In the absence of any tradition or firm policy, there is little being done about "moonlighting" — except occasional breast-beating and viewing with alarm.

So what do you do if you give a man a four-day week only to have him turn around and get another job for the other three days? That is one problem so knotty that no one has suggested anything more specific than to "educate the workers as to the uses of leisure." There was a day when such a suggestion would have raised a tidal wave of guffaws. But no more.

THE FOUR-DAY week is coming, despite the many problems and obstacles. It makes good economic sense in a nation where the classic condition of excess labor and scarce goods is reversed. Here we are long on goods and short on skilled labor. And here we will soon find ourselves spending more time consuming and less time producing. There does not seem to be any logical alternative — barring a comprehensive, long-term foreign-aid program.

The extra day of leisure for Americans will have an effect as profound as that produced by the automobile in the first quarter of this century. The nature of these effects will depend, of course, on what we do with the leisure afforded us. But the potential for a better life is there. Although the president of the Rockwell Manufacturing Company once called the four-day week "dangerous socialism," others will hail it as proof that our economic system, despite its faults, in the long run adapts itself well to the needs of the people.

(*Continued from inside cover*)

provide "equal opportunities to all other candidates for the same office." A Senate subcommittee has approved a bill that would virtually ban the Socialist Labor Party and all other minority parties from the use of radio and TV.

What are some of the possible objectives of those who wish to amend Section 315? First, it could be a good start toward suppressing minority parties and minority opinion. Second, it will provide more revenue for the radio and TV networks by eliminating the free time for minority parties. Third, it will avoid embarrassment for the Republican and Democratic parties with their almost identical programs. And fourth, it will weaken the protection that is given to all the people under Article V of the Constitution.

HENRY R. KORMAN

Longview, Wash.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Apropos of Don Juan

Emile Capouya

NO DOUBT every age has the parables it deserves. But it should be our study to deserve better parables than those we have. I am thinking of how we choose to construe some of our familiar legends, what light the bias of our time leads us to throw upon the worthies, the heroes, the villains of tradition. And it seems to me that our notion of Don Juan is an instructive case in point.

I suppose we must expect that as the scientific and analytic habit of mind becomes general, it will encourage a shallow reductivism. In this regard, the well-known religious and metaphysical bent of some of our distinguished men of science is anomalous, for it runs counter to the current of contemporary thought. The reductive tendency is the dominant one with us.

That is our situation even with regard to legendary figures, like that of Don Juan; it is an unfortunate state of affairs, and one that is far from having no consequences. The imaginative realm is the only area of conduct in which we enjoy a relative freedom, and the strategy we adopt in dealing with the creatures of our imagination has a very real influence on the shape of our world. We are injured in our human essence whenever a fool asserts that Shakespeare was really Francis Bacon, that Van Gogh's and Gauguin's styles are the outward and visible forms of, respectively, paresis and leprosy, that the explanation for Blake and Yeats is that they were cuckoo, that Hamlet is a walking Oedipus complex, that Goethe was oversexed. Of these assertions, some are arrant nonsense, some have the color of a meager kind of truth. But none is interesting, because none has any usefulness. Explanations of this kind are not meant to explain but to explain away. They are the expression of crude leveling impulses. They reverse the ethic of *nihil humanum*, and proclaim instead: Since he was a man like me, he can't have been very much.

It cannot be denied that there is a homely comfort in the notion that the most eminent men are as mean, corrupt and cowardly as ourselves — or else mad and diseased. It excuses us from attempting to emulate them, and no doubt there is a conservative force, an instinctive social wisdom at work here, protecting us from the dangers to which courage might expose us. But the end result of the reductive habit is to confirm us in apathy, to insure that we remain moral helots, indifferent to our own vital interests and incapable of serving them.

THE POPULAR versions of some ideas derived from Marx and Freud are good examples of the fatal simplification that can overtake useful doctrines in this era of mass-culture. According to the vulgar Marxism of the salon and magazine, a given form of social organization is the inevitable outgrowth of the reigning system of economic production. And since, in this view, social organization can be wholly accounted for by reference to something else, one is led to feel that that something else exhausts all the possible senses of the notion of social organization. The form assumed by any society comes to seem not merely inevitable (given the substructure of prevailing conditions of production) but irrelevant. The superstructure is felt to be somehow less *real* than the substructure. It is not so much a product as a by-product. Governments, laws and parties play no creative role in human affairs, since history is the direct result of the action of economic forces, unmediated by social forms and usages. Of course, on the level of common sense we may understand that churches and country clubs are fully as real as mines and mills, but that understanding forsakes us when we examine the social structure through the quizzing-glass of popular Marxism.

A similar schema disposes of human personality, according to the salon and magazine version of Freudian theory. Personality in the individual is conceived to be essentially a quantum of fluid energy, around which society throws containing dykes. The system can best be understood on the analogy of hydraulics; it lends itself to illustration by metaphors of pressure and spatial confinement. Seen in these terms, conduct is the outward manifestation of psychic energy under pressure; in the last analysis, it is interesting or significant only because of its symptomatic character, in that it points to an underlying reality. From that assumption, it is not very far to a medical practice that tacitly considers mental health to be adjustment, almost without reference to the moral status of whatever canons or conditions are to be adjusted to.

These sad instances of intellectual entropy, of ideas running out in sands and shallows, are peculiarly characteristic of the mental climate of our time. Some few notions are esoteric enough to resist popular re-interpretation; not much has been done in the way of diluting the special theory of relativity, for example — if we except those great conversation stoppers, "Well, everything is relative," and, "Of course, it all depends on your point of view." But almost any useful general idea can be so abused that it befogs the subject it was designed to illuminate. To take a familiar case, the pedagogical theories of John Dewey are revolutionary in their common sense, humanity and unique concern for the proper ends of education, and yet they have been debased, in the hands of shallow practitioners, to the point where one must sympathize with the outraged Neanderthals who cry scorn on Progressive Education. Here again, the same unhappy mechanism is at work. The original insight is held to exhaust its subject, and eventually supersedes that subject as the focus of attention. Finally, the doctrine degenerates into a verbal expedient for avoiding further thought on the matter. In a reductive age, all things great and small are brought down to the same scale of uselessness.

AS A counter of popular speech, Don Juan represents a man who is inordinately successful with the ladies. He has dash, charm and enough of the trappings of gallantry to make him an accomplished seducer. His specialty is sweeping women off their feet. The art or good fortune that might enable him to make them happy is not among his attributes; indeed, once the women have been swept off their feet, our imagination leaves them in that posture, not troubling to inquire how and in what condition they find themselves once more in contact with terra firma. Don Juan's personality (still in terms of popular speech) has the effect of annihilating the personalities of his mistresses. Oddly enough, he is not much resented for it. Men consider him a nuisance, but that is chiefly professional

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jealousy. Women deplore him in principle, but, unless they happen to be his victims, deplore him only in that tone of caressing deprecation in which one says, "a handsome devil," "a gay dog."

All this does not add up to a character. In the popular mind Don Juan is not even the sketch of a personality, but simply the symbol for a fairly abstract notion: lust. Lust so uncomplicated by the traditional pieties, and so free of competing impulses directed toward traditional ambitions — for money, status, affection, security — that it has tremendous impetus and efficiency. It is so sincere that it is bound to be successful; the woman who resists or even hesitates incurs a certain onus as calling into question the principles of cosmic balance. There is, finally, a kind of beauty in the action of the naked impulse that is proper to Don Juan, the beauty as it were of a natural force — for of course beauty has no necessary connection with anything we may approve on moral grounds. The beautiful is more nearly what is direct, spontaneous — in Hamlet's phrase, "express in action" — so that artists struggle to achieve the appearance of directness and spontaneity in their works, actors in their persons, and athletes in their play, all by a concentrated labor of practice and forgetting. In reality, it is not his airs and graces but the beauty of express action that is seductive about Don Juan.

BUT THIS Don Juan *à l'état pur*, the Don Juan who is lust made animate and nothing more, is a far cry from the literary portraits that keep his name alive. He is very different from the Don Juan Tenorio conceived by Tirso de Molina, who is part *pícaro*, the rogue and adventurer of Spanish tradition. He is only a distant relative of Mozart's Don Giovanni, or Molière's or Byron's or Shaw's Don Juan. Stendhal suggests that the tendencies incarnated in the literary Don Juan could only arise in an atmosphere of Counter Reformation; Stendhal worshipped strength of character, which he defined as the strength that allows a man to dispense with hypocrisy, and his portrait of Don Juan is basically that of a radical contemner of convention, extended to include all sanctions human and divine. It is with this hint that an understanding of the composite literary figure begins.

Don Juan was the character whom the Counter Reformation endowed with the sins it particularly feared. An iron orthodoxy and conservatism was its ideal. In morals, ethics, and social and political philosophy it opposed from their first vague adumbrations the tendencies that were to become the dominant themes of modern civilization: rationalism, romanticism, secularism, nationalism, democracy. Ribadeneira, who preached the Spanish crusade against England, particularly affected two terms of opprobrium. One was "heretic," the other *novedades*, or "novelties." Heresy and novelty were to the Counter Reformation what "agitator" and "anarchist" were to the era of the Palmer Raids, or "red" and "creeping socialism" today. The Don Juan of Molière and Mozart is more than an obsessed womanizer; he is an *esprit fort*, a freethinker, a rationalist, an agnostic, an atheist, a freemason — and, for all I know, an anabaptist, a single-taxer, and a follower of Silvio Gesell. Far from being in league with the devil, as was his predecessor, Faust, Don Juan is a man who does not believe in the devil — the appropriate punishment for such perversity is, of course, hellfire. What horrified and enthralled the audiences for whom Don Juan was first created was his openly proclaimed credo, *Ni Dieu ni maître*. The delicious terror of his revolt was rounded with a consummation in fire, representing with great dramatic effect those aspects of Hell that the spiritual exercises prescribed by Saint Ignatius Loyola commend to our attention in all physical immediacy — flame, heat, the brimstone stench, appalling noise.

DON JUAN without the added dimensions of full-blown iconoclasm would be no fit instrument for the Counter Reformation morality play, even though it is his restless lust that supplies the chief impetus for the drama. Reduced to the bare principle of amatory conquest, he would be as skeletal as the idea of Don Juan that survives in popular speech. Indeed, whenever our attention is directed specifically to his priapic *raison d'être* in, say, Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, he immediately becomes mere caricature, and his mistresses puppets. His exploits with women are reduced to a comic statistic — *in Ispagna mila e tre*. Nor can our imagination make the sum come alive and represent a procession of ravished maids and deceived wives. If these women were real, we should be horrified by their fate, but we can no more take seriously the injury done them than we can believe in the tremendous blows dealt out in a Punch and Judy show. In his role of comic energumen, Don Juan destroys the idea of womankind, because in that role he is himself no man. It is for this reason that, when Donna Elvira, in Mozart's opera, belies her statistical past and actually appears on the stage, she comes trailing faint clouds of comedy, and we are ill at ease until familiarity at last persuades us that she is a wronged woman rather than a misplaced integer.

The Counter Reformation was wise in refusing to entertain the notion of a Don Juan reduced to a single principle. When all is said and done, lust alone is not an adequate object of contemplation for an adult audience. For one thing, unbridled desire, shown in unending pursuit and abandonment, is not very interesting. Faust accomplishes all that in one move by choosing Helen for his paramour. The quest, after all, is for the woman who will confer ineffable satisfactions — "Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss"; with a melancholy persistence, the Don goes from one woman to the next, but Faust demands at once the face that launched a thousand ships.

It is significant, nevertheless, that the search for some supreme sexual fulfillment is common to the legends of Faust and Don Juan. It is of a piece with their colossal self-assurance that both heroes pretend to a license and satisfaction that cannot be reconciled with the facts of our conditional world. The Counter Reformation did not choose to believe that this fierce claim could be restricted to a single human concern. Instinct or logic suggested rather that a preoccupation with sexual conquest, in defiance of convention, implied further dangerous *novedades* that were inimical to the health of the established order. At the very least, it implied a sexual partner who was fully human, i.e., a woman, and not a parcel of real estate, a ward, a servant, a domestic animal, or any of the other sub-human avatars of womankind before the nineteenth cen-

Renoir Girl

Breasts high and open, with
the curving belly, to the sun—
legs and arms nervelessly
sprawled on the knoll.

Eyelids lightly closed,
lips relaxed in enigmatic smiling
at whatever daydream itches
slowly in her mind.

It doesn't matter that the frame
couples her with desultory clouds,
a frond of bush curving
above the round thigh like a never
quite caressing hand.

No touch can break
the budding flesh's perpetual
summer, nor wake
death from this sunshiny dream.

BARRISS MILLS

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tury. Don Juan's womanizing may destroy shadow-women on the stage, and in quantities that run to four figures, but, offstage, an obsession with women admits them to *de facto* membership in the human race. *Sostegno e gloria d'umanità* ("the support and glory of mankind"), says Don Giovanni of woman, and there is a wicked possibility that he means it. Sexual license in Don Juan is part of a larger configuration of penchants, appetites and presuppositions that is bound to conflict at many points with the canons of a society that deliberately cleaves to a radical orthodoxy. Moreover, in the light of Freud's suggestion that the sexual instincts are ambivalently disruptive or cementing forces of great significance to society, it may seem particularly appropriate for a figure who threatens the social order with his advanced opinions and general cynicism and exuberance, to threaten it also by a display of outrageous libertinism. Individualism, the fragmentation of society into egotistic atoms, the modern sense of self, and the ground it provides for splendid independence or sordid irresponsibility — all these weighty consequences can follow in the train of a late-renaissance nobleman who sets no bounds to his carnal appetites. The Counter Reformation saw fit to make Don Juan carry that full weight of meaning. Our own age has chosen to devalue him — for characteristic reasons.

In a now-famous essay, Gregorio Marañon identifies a human prototype of the Don Juan of legend, and makes use of biographical evidence to support a general theory about compulsive libertinism. In brief, Marañon asserts that Don Juan's promiscuity is a mask for homosexuality and impotence. As psychological doctrine, some such thesis has long been current in countries that have been influenced by Freud's theories. To this day, however, Latin countries have been little affected by Freud, and Spain least of all; in this regard, Marañon must be something of a pioneer, and can probably lay claim to originality. In any case, the philosopher Unamuno is quoted, in a recent number of the New York magazine *Ibérica*, as agreeing with Marañon that Don Juan shows signs of "deficient virility." (Incidentally, Unamuno's historical prototype differed from Marañon's. Unamuno held that the best scholarship had established that Don Juan's name was not Tenorio but Tenoiro, and that, far from being a native of Seville, he had come originally from Galicia — in other words, that he was no aristocrat but the Spanish equivalent of a Yankee peddler.)

The question of whether or not promiscuity is connected with homosexuality and/or impotence is a technical one and, within the limits of definition, one of fact. It may be true, as a matter of clinical observation, or it may not. Debate on this point is the prerogative of the initiate, I take it, and the extent to which the idea has become a received truth of amateur psychology is neither here nor there. But I think that our imaginative strategy blunders badly when we apply the notion, whether clinical principle or popular cliché, to a legendary figure, to Don Juan.

Marañon deprecates promiscuous behavior — and I think we must all agree that in the present state of society it is plainly not a good thing, since its human consequences are so unpleasant — but then he goes on to say: Moreover, it is nothing but misdirected pederasty, or else impotence, or else both. Libertinism is bad, on this showing, because it is really something worse. It is a pity, in a way, that Marañon does not tell us for what realer, remoter horrors homosexuality and impotence are front-organizations.

APPLYING such human measures to the Don Juan of literature has the effect of devaluing what else is useful in the legend. It has the effect of denigrating and neutralizing the qualities that Shaw perceived in the character, and that led him to incarnate them in the revolutionist, John Tanner, in *Man and Superman*. In the last analysis, Marañon is out to geld Don Juan, and that his attempt should find favor in our eyes is a commentary on our times. The Counter Reformation dressed Don Juan in the gaudy robes of its most pressing fears. Our own age, so much more timid and tacit, undercuts the entire question of the necessity for revolution by declaring that the revolutionary is a defective. Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini — our era has suffered so much from the actions of outsize personalities that it is ready to condemn out of hand any unorthodoxy, any originality, any exuberance, any protest. A homosexual and impotent age accuses its creative spirits of perversity and barrenness, even as it lays its frustrations at the door of woman (the *castrating female* — save the mark, we even have a technical term for the chimera that represents our excuse for not trying to change our castrating society). We like to be told that men are being molded to an innocuous, uncombative, asexual pattern, as Organization Men and members of the Lonely Crowd. It is easy to see why the notion that Don Juan is merely sick, sick, sick is congenial to a society that is made up of gelded men and altered women.

The shallow profundities that are the intellectual coin of our day are more dangerous than they seem. Conceived in fear, and bearing no relation to our real situation — which is that our political life is in a bad way and getting steadily worse — they reduce thought to the level of gossip. It will take a very different spirit to get us out of the woods; it is no help at all to look on artists as infants, statesmen as people with power drives. That way lies a madness for which there is as yet no name, but which informs the parables of our time, and shapes us all in its unlovely image.

FDR: a Pragmatic Judgment

THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION. By Mario Einaudi. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 372 pp. $5.95.

Frank Freidel

AMERICANS lecturing in other countries are frequently shocked by the prevalence among even well-educated people of crude, doctrinaire misconceptions about the United States. The spreading abroad of lavish evidence of American material prosperity has obscured the most important fact, that this abundance is being widely enjoyed under a political and economic system which if anything has become more, rather than less, democratic. Too often the people of other nations view the United States through a distorted Hollywood and slick-magazine image, augmented by the extravagances of the McCarthys and the Faubuses. Such impressions, jammed into Marxian and Freudian molds, create the dogma that this nation is dominated by materialism, illiberalism and conformity. They obscure much that is significant in American values.

Professon Einaudi began work upon this book in order to correct false images

FRANK FREIDEL is at present engaged in a biography of Franklin D. Roosevelt, of which the first three volumes—"The Apprenticeship," "The Ordeal" and "The Triumph"—have been published. Mr. Freidel is a professor of history at Harvard University.

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of America among Europeans; but as he progressed he came to feel, quite correctly, that Americans might profit from what he has to say. He has aimed his book, therefore, at both European and American readers. Einaudi is exceptionally qualified for his undertaking, since he is the son of a former President of Italy, and is the Goldwin Smith Professor of Government at Cornell University. To readers abroad he can bring the fruits of years of study and teaching in the United States; for Americans he provides the perspective of centuries of European civilization.

THERE are three distinct parts to this unusual book: a brief analysis of the present-day European image of America, a lengthy and lucid survey of the revolution the United States has undergone since it plunged into the Great Depression a generation ago, and an epilogue measuring Tocqueville's observations during the age of Jackson against contemporary American society. Well-informed American readers will profit most from the prologue and epilogue; Europeans, from the heart of the book.

Europeans, distracted by depression, dictatorship and the imminence of war, failed to grasp the significance of the New Deal; for many it carried overtones of totalitarianism. Then, the return of the Republicans to the White House in 1953 restored the old image:

> America was not only the country of industrial monopolies, dedicated to the realization of a materialistic and soulless prosperity. It . . . was now the seat of the mightiest industrial empire, ready to exploit its unique strength in a world rendered weaker and poorer as a result of a catastrophe America had not felt and had not shared.

Along with this went frequently "a belief in the all-powerful reach of American business and diplomatic agents and in the pervasively corrupting power of the American dollar."

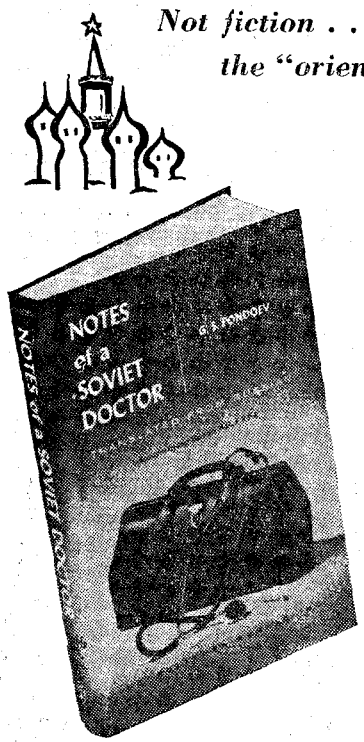
Obviously this black image, which Einaudi fills in with depressing detail, is still all too prevalent in Europe. But it does not prevail entirely. The New Deal and its leader, Roosevelt, are not completely forgotten. In Italy, for example, there persists, especially among poorer people, a rather startling reverence for Roosevelt. But even among those favorably disposed, the lack of factual knowledge of the modern United States is so great that one can only wish Einaudi's disquisition could be translated into a score of languages and spread widely through other countries.

In brief, what he has to tell Europeans, and Americans who have forgotten, is how basically unsound the American economy had become by 1929, and how ill prepared the government was to undertake decisive intervention to right it. His approach and conclusions are similar to those of J. K. Galbraith in *The Great Crash*. Next he analyzes the leadership of Franklin D. Roosevelt, rejecting with equal firmness the criticisms from the Right of E. E. Robinson in *The Roosevelt Leadership*, and from the Keynesian Left of James MacGregor Burns in *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox*. Einaudi, making his own original, logical interpretation of Roosevelt's leadership, based upon the speeches in the *Public Papers and Addresses* and the changes effected by the New Deal, concludes:

> The test of democratic leadership is to be found in the sum total of effective achievements secured in a climate of freedom. The leader has failed if at the end of his tenure democracy has been lost and constitutionalism has been abolished, if the crisis has not been solved and no measures are on the statute books that will make it possible to cast a reassured look at the future. By this pragmatic test, Roosevelt has been a great leader. By 1952, America was in many decisive ways a new country, yet one still cherishing many of the traditions of the past and living under the protecting shelter of an ancient Constitution.

A simple, clear statement of these achievements fills the largest part of the book: changes in the government in Washington, the revolution in constitutional law, the new tax system, TVA and extension of civil rights. All this is comparable to the short, friendly outline of the New Deal by Dennis Brogan, and like Brogan's, it is enriched by its transatlantic viewpoint. The interpretation is similar, also, to that in the far more lengthy and richly detailed opening volumes of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s *Age of Roosevelt*. A most instructive chapter on the contemporary United States, "The New Landscape of American Society: Lights and Shadows," indicates the degree to which the changes of the "Roosevelt Revolution" have become widely accepted in the fifties, even while Roosevelt himself has been forgotten.

The epilogue, "Reflections on Tocqueville," is a refreshing evaluation of both the prescience and shortcomings of the young French aristocrat's examination



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of Jacksonian America. Tocqueville, perhaps because his Whig acquaintances in the United States reinforced his misgivings about democracy, was more fearful of the future than developments warranted. A growing aristocracy of industry did not negate the democratic system:

> What we have seen in the United States has been the systematic and inventive search for solutions to the difficulties of industrial mass democracy, a search intended to realize the ideals of community without collectivism, the ideal of freedom without anarchy, the advantages of technology without the loss of humanism. The managers have had their day in the United States. But they have been kept in check and have not taken over the country.
>
> What the Roosevelt Revolution has done has been to keep the door open so as to permit to our generation a chance to decide in liberty what we must do.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

THEY are still ripping down middle-aged buildings in New York and planting new ones, and this fall will see a full architectural harvest. Even the rocky terrain of Wall Street has been taken over by the scientific farmers of modern architecture.

Among the heavyweights, Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Museum will be opening—the master's only building on Manhattan, and a perplexing one. Among the other projects going up are the gigantic Union Carbide Building, the Pepsi-Cola Building, and the Chase Bank tower by architects Skidmore, Owings and Merrill; and the formidable new Time and Life Building by Harrison and Abramovitz, the same firm which recently completed the Corning Glass Building at 56th and Fifth Avenue. The road ahead is crowded too; all the big architectural offices are crammed with work.

The buildings named above can be called serious architecture, as contrasted with the folk art of the city's commercial office builders, who buy their standard walls by the acre, bloat their buildings' shapes to fit the maximum envelope permitted by the zoning regulations, and rest their architectural pretensions on murals in the lobbies. The owners of buildings like Corning Glass are willing to spend money to try, architecturally. They pay perhaps double what it would cost them to build standard office space; this extra cost includes their own higher standard of construction plus the space they give to the city — space which they could have built around, air-conditioned, and rented out at $8 per square foot.

FOR no one architect will it be a bigger year than for Wallace K. Harrison, the main force behind Harrison and Abramovitz, Corning's designer, and an all-American architectural enigma. He has participated in, or directed, the erection of some of our best city buildings; he has also put up some of the most pretentious. He is one architect whom even some taxi drivers are aware of; they admire him for the noble gleam of the United Nations Secretariat; they groan at the dense ugliness of the mammoth Socony Mobil Building across 42nd Street from Grand Central — the one with the Victorian pattern of facets stamped grimly into its stainless steel wall panels. His new Corning Building has something of each quality, for better and for worse.

Corning is a small skyscraper, twenty-eight stories high, whose base is nestled in among the porous façades of Fifth Avenue's old commercial buildings. From the second story up it is the glassiest and probably the most delicately designed of New York's towers. Each wall of this tower seems like a single piece of glass streaking up toward the sky, with only the slimmest metal framing visible outside the glass. In an era of careless architectural infatuation with this deceptive material, Harrison properly has emphasized the thinness of façade which can be one of the glories of glass. He has hung the nicely shaped tower lightly in the air, a package of pure,

WALTER McQUADE is an architect whose interests have developed principally in the area of journalism. He is on the staff of a leading architectural magazine and is the author of Schoolhouse, *a study of contemporary school construction (he also writes fiction and has published one novel). The present column is the first of a new department in which Mr. McQuade will discuss architecture and related design subjects.*

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clean, uplifting office work, wrapped tautly in cellophane.

The city needed this example of a fine glass building, for today the tide of public and professional feeling seems to be turning against glass as an urban building material. It has become a critical cliché to point out that walls of glass are satisfactory in a city neighborhood only as a novelty, that as soon as all the buildings wear glass walls, the glory is gone. This is undeniably true on much of Park Avenue, where whole block fronts of strip-glazed office space stare unblinkingly across the street at each other. The atmosphere is depressing, rather massively reptilian.

This limitation is not in the nature of the material, however, but in its misuse. Most of the glass-filled blocks on Park Avenue simply were not designed to be glass; their designers put the walls on like a chic bathrobe, to cover their buildings' dull shapes. Surely a solid, unbroken face of glass is unpleasant, if poorly designed — or, as on most of Park Avenue, not really designed at all. Glass should not be used to cover cliffs; cliffs are much better in stone.

What glass needs is space around it. You should be able to stand back from it, as you stand back from a full-length mirror. It also needs shape, achieved either by strong framing, as architects L. Mies van der Rohe and Philip Johnson used on the Seagram Tower, or a sense of direction, as architects Skidmore, Owings and Merrill used on Lever House — slim, tall proportions rather than simple, formidable, massive frontage. Any city avenue lined with structures like Seagram, Lever and Corning, with their independent personalities and interplay of shapes and open spaces, would immediately redeem glass as a building wall. It would be enchanting, an ice palace.

SO, AS ONE OF the two major glass producers, Corning picked the right man in Harrison to dramatize its product. A few years ago the Aluminum Company of America did the same thing, choosing him for its Pittsburgh headquarters tower, whose walls are stamped sheet aluminum — another much abused material, but very handsome as Harrison used it there. He gave it depth and — unusual in modern architecture — shadowing. It is a valuable man who can show a manufacturer, and the rest of the architectural profession, how to use the client's own material.

But Harrison, for all his talents and opportunities, remains the great spoiler, and no building reveals this better than Corning. At the base of his new shining tower he is at his architectural worst. He has made it so grimly graceless at street level that the tower seems to lunge upward to escape its origin, in the grand old American social tradition.

For instance, the wall of the Fifth Avenue front consists of large sheets of clear glass. But its transparency is just a lure. Your eye advances, then, a few inches beyond the glass, is slapped by large panels of marble, green in color, florid in veining, and matched, of course, like so many Rorschach tests. The marble isn't even left flat; at its edges it folds into columns. It looks, in fact, like wallpaper, not stone. Through it, a heavy stainless steel showcase is cantilevered out at the pedestrian.

Next to this, uptown, protrudes a little white entrance pavilion to the Steuben Glass showroom. This is designed at about the level of sophistication of a fake French menu. Then, at the corner, is a shallow pool of water. Its form is one of those weary Hollywood clichés of modern architecture — not the kidney, but a sort of sharpened curve. Except on windy days, when it ripples nicely, it is simply water, not a lively architectural use of water. At knee height, it reclaims sidewalk space originally donated to the passing pedestrian. Next, two flagpoles are set in the pavement. East, on 56th Street, the design continues, calming somewhat on this less important exposure.

So there you have it, Harrison in halves: up off the street he builds a sleek, beautiful, delicate tower with unmistakable dignity and character. At street level, he seems bent on trying to shake hands with every pedestrian, and doing it with a dozen fingers. It is true of course that the glass company's own product-personality also is somewhat split between street level and tower; the plain industrial glassware displayed on the upstairs walls is delicate and beautiful; downstairs, the art glass on sale in the Steuben shop is laughable, a salon of gravely illuminated, lumpish wedding presents attended by refined salesladies. This kind of graceless glassware, incidentally, now seems to be the national gift of United States Presidents to foreign dignitaries. Totem poles were better.

LOOKING to the future, Harrison's most important commission to date may be Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, for which he is serving as design coordinator. He is also designing the new Metropolitan Opera House, and his partner, Max Abramovitz, is responsible for the concert hall. Other buildings will include a theatre for the dance by Philip Johnson, the new Juilliard School by Pietro Belluschi, a repertory theatre by Eero Saarinen, and a library-museum by Skidmore, Owings and Merrill.

As this is written, relatively little is known of the design of any of these buildings except the opera house, which has been shown in sketches, and the concert hall, whose final design was published recently. Sadly, the opera house is not one of Harrison's best beginnings. Big, high, attention-getting, it also seems frail and forceless. It looks

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In a Parlor Containing a Table

In a parlor containing a table
And three chairs, three men confided
Their inmost thoughts to one another.
I, said the first, am miserable.
I am miserable, the second said.
I think that for me the correct word
Is miserable, asserted the third.
Well, they said at last, it's quarter to two.
Good night. Cheer up. Sleep well.
You too. You too. You too.

GALWAY KINNELL

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rather like the old lobby of the Roxy Theatre, turned inside out and done modern, shorn of its innocence.

Yet it was published by coordinator Harrison even as his committee of architects was being gathered to design the rest of Lincoln Center, and the task it presents them is immense. At best this kind of cramped collaboration by a group of distinctly diverse architects seems more bureaucratic than creative. But given the deal, and the opera house, should the other architects subdue their own buildings, make them mute, and let the opera house carry the conversation, or should they simply ignore this exhibitionistic structure and say what they wish separately in their own designs? The design of the new home for the Philharmonic is said to be good technically, but architecturally it follows the lead of the opera house. It is commercial jazz.

If this were a world's fair, the answer to this problem of "coordination" would be easy. Each architect would do his damndest, gleefully; each building would rival the next. It would be a design carnival. But world's fairs are designed to disappear, and even at that, world's fairs are not crowded into the narrow confines of Lincoln Square.

LETTER from WASHINGTON

Stanley Meisler

A POTFUL of hot water gurgled down on us as we waited, caught in a giggling, shoving crowd, outside Washington's Coffee 'n Confusion Club, a beatnik haven marking its first Saturday night of business in the nation's capital. An irate neighbor in an upstairs apartment had tossed out the hot but not boiling water. The sprinkles from above alighting on the sprinkle of beards in the crowd symbolized one of the oddest clashes in the history of this clash-ridden federal town. For several months now, the prudery of Washington has been at war with the rebellion of its youth.

The war started when a 24-year-old self-styled poet, William A. Walker, decided to open his club. Following the style of shops in San Francisco's North Beach, it would sell coffee, pastries, biscuits, cream cheese, bagels and poetry. But Walker and his wife, Ruth, a 22-year-old graduate of Vassar, erred strategically in their first attempt by failing to consult officialdom before opening. Zoning laws promptly descended upon them, and police shut down the shop. In their second attempt, the Walkers, moving gingerly, followed every step of the law. They found an abandoned cellar restaurant at 945 K Street, Northwest, rented it, decorated it, and applied for a license. And then the smug traditions of Washington, sensing that the venture might succeed, began to stir and swat at this pesky, tiny threat of non-conformity.

Police officials of the second precinct announced that they would do everything within the law to prevent the coffee shop from opening. Residents of K Street rushed a petition to the offices of the Board of Licenses and Inspections, demanding that the Walkers be prevented from marring the neighborhood with beatniks. One neighbor, a fortune teller, made his disapproval clear by firing four pistol shots through the plate-glass window of the shop while Mrs. Walker was tidying the place.

The board, after listening to arguments that the coffee shop might attract trouble, decided that the law could not prevent the Walkers from operating their Coffee 'n Confusion Club if they followed regulations. The second precinct police, however, promised to keep a constant watch on the activities of the establishment and at the slightest sign of trouble, to shut it down. Meanwhile, several complaints of disorderly behavior by patrons of the shop reached the board in the first weeks of activity, and the board is holding hearings to decide whether to revoke the license.

Washington's antics at finding beatniks bubbling in its midst follow the pattern of its social history. A hundred years ago, Lord Lyons, the round-cheeked, slightly-bearded, youngish British ambassador, wrote home that Washington was "a terrible place for young men; nothing whatever in the shape of amusement for them. . . ." And to this day Washington after dark remains one of the quietest, dreariest and most lifeless capitals of the world.

There simply is no public place where youth may sit and mope into the morning hours, hoarsely settling the tense issues of the day. Bars are forbidden to serve drinks after 2 A.M. on weekdays and midnight on Saturdays. Even before curfew time, Washington's bars lack the friendly, congenial spirit of bars

STANLEY MEISLER is a Washington newspaper man and occasional contributor to critical and political journals.

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in New York's Greenwich Village, New Orleans' French Quarter or San Francisco's North Beach. Sidewalk cafés also are forbidden. And so is the practice of drinking anything but beer while sitting on a bar stool; liquor must be ordered at a table. No one may stand with a drink of any kind in his hand. If you want to rush across a room filled with merriment to join some friends, you must first beg a waitress to carry your drink there.

THE CHIEF aim of these laws no doubt is to restrict the appeal of bars. But they have tended, in addition, to deaden all aspects of night life, for the appeal of coffee shops and all-night bakeries and sandwich counters is as last stops of a night on the town. With most people having their night on the town at home, these shops and bakeries and counters tend to shut well before midnight. This has suited most of the city just fine; Washington, a capital that mirrors much of the nation, would rather be like Middletown, Ohio, than Paris, France. But the situation has left a void for the city's anxious, intellectual, cosmopolitan youth. It is this void that the Coffee 'n Confusion Shop is trying to fill.

My friends and I had just been chased from a rathskeller by the curfew on the night that we decided to visit the beatnik establishment, which remains open almost until sunrise. Not far from the downtown business district, it is in a once-fashionable residential area that has declined steadily in the last thirty years. The coffee shop fills the cellar of a three-story building. A real estate office is on the first floor, apartments above. A shaggy lawn separates the building far from the street, giving ample room for the 150 to 200 persons we found milling about and trying to get into the packed, noisy shop.

Although some sported beards and jeans, most had pipes and ivy slacks, and a few, like myself, blatantly showed up with ties. A huge bearded fellow, looking more like a butcher than a poet in his smeared apron, faced the crowd, stretched out his arms and shouted that no one else could fit inside. A light shining above the door made the pimples on his forehead blaze. He urged everyone to disperse and return in two hours. But the crowd only murmured, smiled and glared back. It took that potful of hot water, tossed by some unseen upstairs neighbor, to move the crowd back.

MY GROUP of four approached the bearded, pimpled giant and confided that we were two reporters and their young lady friends, all curious to see his coffee shop, perhaps for a story. Talk of the press impressed him, and he allowed us to slip in, at a cost of a dollar a head.

Walker, also thickly-bearded, was standing on a podium at the far end of the shop. "I told you not to let anyone else in," he shouted. The giant, waving the money, replied, "But this is bread, man," and Walker quieted. Seats were found for three of us, and I stood against the door, next to a college co-ed perched on the top rung of a painter's ladder. Low-watted, unadorned bulbs hung from the ceiling, revealing a black-painted, small room with a décor of foreign newspapers pasted on some walls. About eighty customers stood or sat around clothless, coffee-mugged tables in the unfanned heat.

A poetry reading was on tap, but Walker, not receiving the absolute quiet he needed, waved his arms wildly, looking like a bearded eagle, and screamed, "Will you keep quiet, man? Will you shut up?" But the jumbled patter of voices continued. "Will you shut the f--- up?" an exasperated Walker finally shrieked at his customers, "Do I have to shock you into silence?" His last plea had an effect and the room quieted enough for Walker and several colleagues to begin reading round after round of poetry.

WITH toms-toms beating behind them, the soft, intense voices of the young men fascinated their audience, who applauded lustily and chanted "Yeah, man" after each rendition. For the most part, the poems beat out a dreary, trite sameness, mainly because the authors took themselves too seriously. One ode to Modigliani, for example, praised the painter for bringing the musky odor of passion to his canvases. Walker liked to talk of "God in his pad" or people who've "been reaching for the moon too long, man," as if the mere juxtaposition of jive talk and community values could fashion the power and brilliance of irreverence. But one poet, Dick Dabney, offered a wit and gaiety lacking in his dreary friends, and I couldn't help smiling as he read his twinkling "Charlie Starkweather Blues." Dabney, however, also reached a height of bad taste when, just a few weeks after the funeral, he talked of the "golden abdomen of John Foster Dulles" in a poem describing the images of Washington.

The heat, noise and poetry finally proved too much, and we escaped into the street. I had not seen anything to justify the police moving in and closing the place. Nor had I seen anything that might justify academicians of the twenty-first century uncovering and explicating any verses from the Washington beat school. The only thing I had seen was further proof that our nation's capital can use more all-night spots where the city's sensitive youth, like youth in all other great cities of the world, may wrestle with the bleary problems of the mind in the excitement of coffee and the dawn.

Late Last Night

Late last night we drove through fog:
nothing but a vague onslaught at
the window: vapors, or was it breath?

the clouds of the earth coming at us
all along the road. In the watery
substance all turned the same:

lights around corners, dreams behind
rooms, the country wide as oceans:
the singleness in every name.

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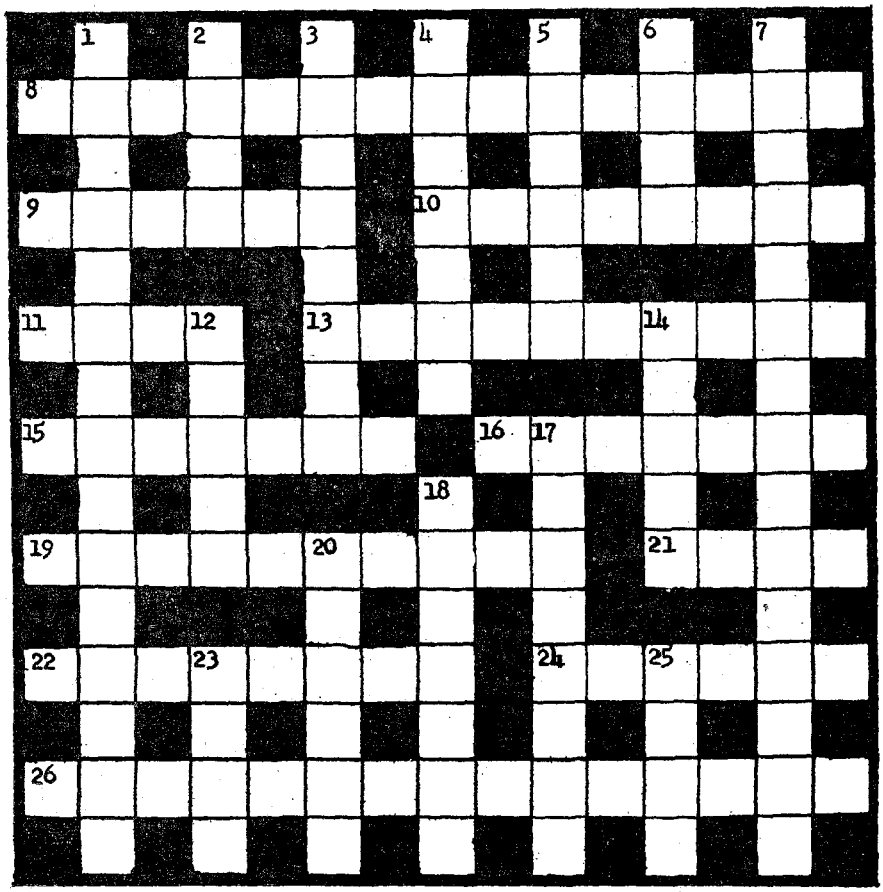

ACROSS:

8 Those who get in deep, if I and Tom get something positive in the way of broad investment. (15)
9 A bird can make this. Can a short line? (6)
10 Of course it's a free choice! (8)
11 Eager to find a wise man's father decapitated? (4)
13 Changing to study in a short time? (10)
15 This month is extremely 13. (7)
16 One way to keep an operation clean. (7)
19 A less hirsute line should be nonsense! (10)
21 The force of good intentions? (4)
22 Finally won a car with a colorful exterior! (8)
24 Gets even? (6)
26 The belief of the talisman pursuer? (15)

DOWN:

1 Gives out a sad and confused appearance, not in our interest. (15)
2 No place in truth for a girl! (4)
3 Associated with a lupine comedown? (8)
4 Form of assault belonging to the receiver? (7)
5 Get superior candidates out of sort? (6)
6 Leave a ten-gallon hat, but not with part of the family! (4)
7 Certainly doesn't take a beatnik to survey the opening, with me placed on a roster! (15)
12 Victorian, perhaps, but obviously popular. (5)
14 So a letter might be categorized. (5)
17 Gentlemanly companions? (8)
18 Villa and attached retinue? (7)
20 Shut up again? You'll be sorry if you do! (6)
23 It might portend no males, but females don't start with it, either. (4)
25 Farewell to the canyon? (4)

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